

# THE LOFTY BISHOP BROVVNIST, AND THE

## 1. *The Bishop Sings.*

**W**Hat would yee lazie Brownists have,  
you rage and runne away;  
And cry us downe, our Church, and eke,  
the forme therein we pray.

Oh Monstres great! Abortive sonnes,  
your Mother to forsake;  
To Church you doe refraine to come,  
your prayers there to make.

You will admit no government,  
in Church at all to stand,  
Without the which, would soone be seene,  
strange errors in the land.

You doe assume your selves to be  
more holy then all people,  
Therefore 'mongst all, you will not come,  
to pray in Church or steeple.

You'l speake us faire and soberly,  
you will protest in speech,  
With eyes, and hands eke lifted up:  
yet will us over-reach.

You doe presume, you have no sinne;  
and that you have the spirit,  
And though you cosen and deceive,  
you heaven shall inherit.

Oh, fie upon your idle life!  
how dare you zeale pretend,  
To loyter here, and there all day  
a prating life to spend.

What separatist in your Rout  
makes conscience of all sinnes,  
And in his calling paines doth take,  
so soone as day beginnes.

## 2. *The Brownists*

**Y**Our lofty Lord-shipp  
and runagadoes too,  
But I could wish you Bishop  
but labour as we doe.

Sure yee be monsters, for su  
of Christ his Church as y  
I have not read of in Gods  
allowed by him to be.

Then you must rather be o  
and in his Church impo  
For Christ allows you Lor  
if you will be his Pastors.

You did presume, you were  
and in your glory firme,  
Christs little flocke to tyrann  
with countenance full ste

The Apostles of our Saviour  
you pleade you doe succ  
And yet would starve those  
did labour for to feede.

Though with your mouth,  
yet still her wayes you tal  
A strumpet you confesse  
yet doe her not forsake.

How dare you, who appoi  
to Preach Gods holy wo  
Sit in pompe and presume t  
in hand the temporall sw

Is any Pastor made a Lord,  
but soone's from preachin  
Yea though he laboured m  
this makes all be forsaken

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# SHOP, THE LAZY THE LOYALL AVTHOR.

*vnists Sings.*

shipp rearmes us lazie  
es too,  
Bishops would  
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, for such members  
ch as yee,  
Gods word  
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er be out of Christ,  
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ou were cocke sure,  
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o tyrannize  
e full stearne.

r Saviour Christ,  
oe succede ;  
ve those soules, which they  
eede.

mouth, you Rome deny ;  
you take,  
nfesse she is,  
orfake.

o appointed are  
oly word ;  
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orall sword.

a Lord,  
preaching taken ;  
ured much before,  
orfaken.

*Ann Dom, 1640.*

*3. The Author laments.*

Here's lazie Brownists, lostry Bishops,  
and both accuse each other,  
As runagadoes, Monsters eke ;  
unto the Church their mother.

And yet were both bread up by her,  
and yet Church Monsters too ;  
The one doth quite forsake the Church,  
the other would her undoe.

But now the Parliament no doubt,  
these Monsters will destroy ;  
Or else will set them such a forme,  
whereby the Church may joy.

The one in pride, the other in  
conceited puritie ;  
Doth trouble both the Church and State,  
such Monsters for to see.

Whilst one dissembles, th'other doth  
affirme vaine things for truth,  
Whilst one in pompe, his time doth wast  
the other it spends in sloth.

Whilst both doe wander from the way  
wherein the Church of God  
Directed is by him to walke,  
both other paths have trod.

The Brownists noses, want a Ring  
(to draw them with a Rope ; )  
The Prelates wings doe cutting neede,  
(least they fly to the Pope.)

That so the one in Church may Preach  
Gods word, the other heare ;  
That both may honour God, and eke  
his lawes may love, and feare.